

IMPALED BY A WILD STEER.

Hundreds Chase the Mad Brute.
Through Third Avenue.

Shot by a Policeman After It Had
Pinned a Man to the Wall.

A wild Texan steer, stocky and red, with a white face and long, slender horns, wickedly savage in its magnificent outburst, got away from somewhere along the East River front at daybreak and started in to "do" the town.

As a result of its tour one man lies in Bellevue Hospital all gored and cut up, the steer lies dead in the gutter with a policeman's bullet in its brain, and several citizens, names and antecedents unknown, are congratulating themselves upon their agility in skinning up elevated railroad pillars, which proved their protection in a sudden emergency.

The "somewhere" whence the steer hailed is undoubtedly located among the slaughter-houses on the East River above Forty-second street, but just now, while the fate of the man in the hospital hangs in the balance, no one is willing to volunteer information on the subject.

The beast was introduced to society on First avenue some little time before 6 o'clock, when it came galloping down to Forty-seventh street, with a wagon-load of butchers armed with clubs and ropes at its heels.

The pursuers succeeded in turning the steer down towards the dock, and started to force it in there with a line of trucks, but left a narrow gap through which to enter with their lances and clubs. The steer misinterpreted the purpose, and finding the gap through it and scattered the butchers.

At Thirty-eighth street stood a man by an open cellar door. He saw it coming straight for him and jumped down the cellarway without waiting to see what it wanted.

The steer stopped, considerably taken aback by his sudden disappearance, and peered curiously down the hole to see where he had gone. The man was in the corner on his knees, praying harder than he ever prayed in his life before, and the bear might not be of too inquiring a mind to tempt it to go down after him. It didn't.

It turned up Thirty-seventh street and reached Third avenue in no time. In the wake of the steer and the butcher cart was a crowd of people, comprising all the toughs of the neighborhood.

The roar of the advancing host reached the Thirty-fifth street station before the steer had pranced by like a General at the head of his army, and Sgt. Casey rang the bell for the train, which started off with a roar, and that 10,000 Knights of Labor were swooping down to sack the town.

The street in front of the steer was perfectly clear of every living thing except one tiny man and a horse bitted to a wagon owned by Expressman Miller.

Behind the beast it was black with people. So anxious were some of the citizens of the time, that the passing of the unusual visitor that they sat perched upon or hung from elevated railroad pillars all along the route where the bear, which had been previously hired or was at that moment unavailable.

The tiny man under the Thirty-fourth street station was the only one who displayed any languid interest in the procession.

The steer woke him up with a start. It went for him on the jump, and he just had time to put the iron post between it and himself as the bear shot off at an angle, missing him with its left horn by about two inches.

It turned right about and made another dash that sent it back towards the crowd. There was a scuffle, and the bear, while the tiny man, suddenly sobered up, dodged again.

He dodged three, four, five, half a dozen times, using the post as a shield, and the crowd yelled with delight.

The man yelled with fright. Great heads of perspiration rolled down his forehead.

Doorkeeper Emphy, who had run ahead of the reserves from the station-house, shouted to him:

"Jump! Why don't you jump and shin up the post the hint. Next time the bear shot past in a vain attempt to impale him on its horns he jumped about four feet, caught one of the rails that ran up the iron posts like a zigzag ladder and ran up it like a rocket.

The steer, missing its target, stopped and eyed the man's coat tails, that hung just out of reach.

The spectacle of the big-horned bear snorting up at the man who hung by his hands and feet, and the man's defiant terror was ludicrous enough to make a horse laugh.

Perhaps that was what the express horse did. At all events the bear took his eyes off the man on the post, and just as the butcher's truck dodged past down the avenue to head it off, turned to the Miller's equine, he hit it with his right horn into the sweep of its long horns and caused to toss horse, truck and all over its head.

The horse had been in the express business too long, however, not to know that such violence was out of order. Before the bear could get its grip on the horse, it was in a deprecating way and kicked the steer under the ear.

ANEURIN JONES IS DESPOT.

Another Charge Against the Pros-
pect Park Superintendent.

Now Accused of Brutally Attacking
an Invalid and Children.

For some time past there have been frequent complaints made by visitors to Prospect Park that they were subjected to ill-treatment and rough treatment at the hands of the park authorities.

Not long ago a man was arrested by an officer for putting his arm around his own wife while they were walking through the Park, and now Mr. Edward V. Malone, of 465 Fifth street, Brooklyn, comes forward and makes the serious charge against Park Superintendent Aneurin Jones, that the latter shoved him down an embankment and threatened to do the same with several little children that were with Mr. Malone at the time.

Mr. Malone has not yet lodged formal complaint against Supt. Jones, but will probably do so.

The trouble occurred near the Litchfield mansion Saturday night. For many years Malone has been in the habit of visiting the Park, and it has been his custom to take several children with him. In making his statement regarding the occurrence, Mr. Malone says:

"As has been my custom for many years I was taking a walk through the Park in company with my two little nephews, the older of whom is four years of age, and in walking along the building known as the Litchfield mansion this model official rushed out and costless yelling some unmeaning remark at us."

"As I continued to walk this man came behind us, and without warning or revealing his identity, made a savage attack on me, hitting me down a perpendicular declivity about three feet."

"He also roughly handled one of the children, and was about to throw him down after me, but desisted at my earnest appeal."

Mr. Malone says he would not have minded the assault so much had it not been that he had just recently recovered from a severe fit of sickness, and is, in fact, still under medical care. He had gone over the same path many times before and never had any trouble.

He says the children were not maimed, having in the slightest, and that he is prepared to substantiate this story under oath.

The Superintendent, however, had just gone out, and it was not known at that hour he would return.

Jones recently had trouble with Artist Labor to whom he refused to grant a permit allowing him to sketch in the park on the ground that Chase was a professional and that amateurs are allowed that privilege.

F. W. Schellhorn, of 296 Wyckoff street, who was recently arrested for putting a woman in a cab, says that Jones made a formal charge against Police Sergeant Foster, of the park police.

Schellhorn is assistant sexton of the Calvary Baptist Church, of which the Rev. Mr. MacArthur is pastor. His good reputation is vouchered for by Rev. Frank Rogers, pastor of the church.

The Sergeant will soon be tried. He has prepared an affidavit setting forth that Schellhorn's conduct was improper.

PARTED WITH THE EVIDENCE.
Russ Harrison's Green Goods Circu-
lar Used in a Decoy Letter.

After several vexatious delays the three green goods men who, it is alleged, tried to entangle Russell B. Harrison into their net, were brought before United States Commissioner Shields for examination to-day.

The prisoners are Joseph C. Jacobs, "Hunkery Joe No. 2," Charles Morton, and James J. Bailey. They have been in Ludlow street jail since their arrest last Saturday.

Lawyer Charles Hess represented the defendants. Assistant District Attorney O'Connell appeared for the government.

Post-Office Inspector Joseph C. Jacobs told how the men were tracked by a decoy letter, and how he and Inspector Harrison arrested the men at 484 Pearl street and found a quantity of green goods circulares in their possession.

The original circular sent to young Harrison was not produced, as it had been utilized in the White Star case.

After hearing the testimony of Inspector Harrison and Supt. of Police Brown, Commissioner Shields ordered the men to be held to-morrow, meanwhile reducing the bail in each case from \$2,500 to \$1,000.

HON. JOE CHAMBERLAIN HERE.
He and His Family Were Passengers
on the Teutonic.

Among the passengers on the White Star steamship Teutonic this morning was Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M. P., the English statesman, and his wife, daughter and son.

He was industriously looking for his luggage on the White Star pier when seen by an Expressman Miller.

"My visit to the United States is purely one of private pleasure," he said in answer to the reporter's inquiries.

He was looking for a good rest and give his wife and children a good time.

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KIDNAPPED OR IN THE MARSH.

The Search for Little Mammie Nathan Yet Unsuccessful.

A Hoboken Mother In Anguish Over the Loss of Her Crippled Baby.

A volunteer force of policemen and citizens, dragged the surface of the swamp-land on the outskirts of Hoboken this morning, thinking that there they might find the body of three-year-old Mammie Nathan, of 26 Jefferson street, Hoboken, who mysteriously disappeared a week ago to-day.

Her parents feel sure that the child has been kidnapped, but the police are confident that she must have strayed to the swamp and there been engulfed.

The Nathans keep a small crockery store at 163 First street, Hoboken. Mrs. Nathan attended the store. Her husband works in this city.

At 4 o'clock last Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Nathan left Mammie playing in front of the store while she went inside to wait on a customer.

She was not busy ten minutes, but when she went out on the sidewalk again her little daughter was nowhere to be seen.

"I am sure she was stolen. The neighbors are five or six blocks from here. My baby was a cripple and could not walk far in a week without assistance."

"I feel convinced that she was kidnapped on account of her deformity to be used by some heartless person for begging purposes, to excite sympathy," she concluded.

Her husband was not at home. He was scarcely asleep or even close his child's door.

The line wandered all over Jersey, city and Brooklyn vainly seeking some trace of his little one.

Acting Chief of Police Edmondson of Hoboken has interested the police of all the surrounding cities in the search for the lost child, but he believes she is dead and buried in the swamps.

"I judge so from experience," he said. "It is not a month ago since the disappearance of four-year-old Annie Gerhardt around the corner of the community. She was a little beauty, and every one was sure that she had been kidnapped and sold to some circus or show."

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